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the Mouse's House



Story by Lois Donaldson

Illustrations by Mathilde Ritter



Class PZ 12

Book .3

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Sixtus, Albert

In the Mouse's House

Arranged by Lois Donaldson



Illustrations by Mathilde Ritter

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ALBERT WHITMAN
& CO
1936

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THE Mouseling family lived in a sunny little house in Green Meadow. Each morning Mousetta Mouseling, the oldest daughter, washed her hands and face, cleaned her teeth, and brushed her tail.

The twins, Frisk and Frisky, washed their hands and faces, cleaned their

teeth, and brushed their tails. Then they all sat down to breakfast.

Now, you must remember that this family of mice work in the night when all is dark; then they sleep all day. So it was just at sunset when the Mouselings all sat down to breakfast.



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NOV -4 1936



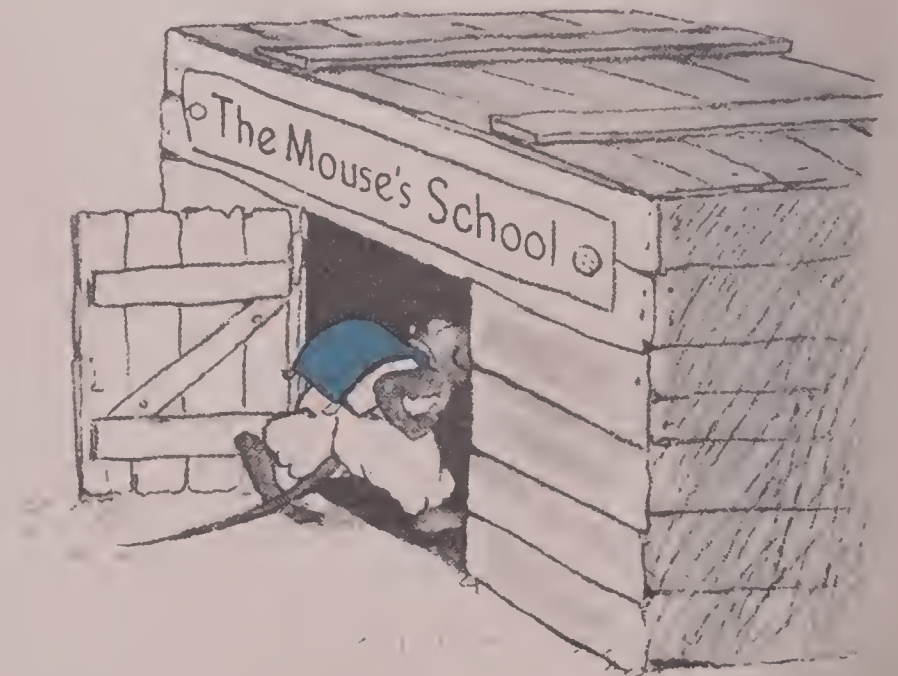
The Mouseling family lived in a sunny little house

The Mouseling children went to school. Each morning they wrote in their copy books, "Beware of the cat."

The first word they learned to spell was CAT. Mousetta even learned to read it in French (le chat), Spanish (el

gato), and German (die Katze), for she was in a higher grade.

Sometimes Frisk would forget and squeak out of turn. Then he would have to stand in the front of the room, in the corner, for fifteen minutes.





The Mouseling children went to school

After school the Mouseling children ran home. For dinner they had creamed corn, escalloped wheat, and fried cheese.

Soon after dinner they heard a rat-a-tat-tat.

Mother Mouseling hurried to the

door. Father Mouseling hurried to the window. Mousetta Mouseling hurried down the front steps.

There stood Aunty Twinkletoes, who lived at Black Cat Inn, the largest stump in Green Meadow.





There stood Aunty Twinkletoes

"Farmer Brown has started spring plowing," she squeaked breathlessly. "Nearly all of Mouseville has been buried. Move your food quickly from your outside storehouse to your kitchen pantry!"

Even as she squeaked they could

hear a faint scritch, scritch, scratch, scratch, far away. First the whole family put on their working clothes. Then they hurried down the cellar stairs. They carried lanterns because it was very, very dark. Of course they were badly frightened.





Of course they were badly frightened

Frisk and Frisky brought the ladder. Mousetta brought a big sack. Father and Mother Mouseling piled cheese, and sausage, and cauliflower, and beets into the sack as fast as they could.

One door in the cellar would not open.

What do you suppose they did? Snip—snap, buzz—rip, of course, they sawed it away! Then the Mouselings worked faster than ever filling their sacks with cheese, and sausage and cauliflower, and beets to take up to their kitchen.





Of course, they sawed it away!

When all the sacks were full, Frisk put the little sack over his shoulder. Mousetta helped Mother Mouseling carry the middle-sized sack. Father Mouseling carried the big sack—for he was the biggest mouse.

How they tugged and pulled to get

the sacks upstairs! Finally they got their sacks into the middle of the floor of their nice, big kitchen.

Mother Mouseling put the cheese on the top shelf. She put the cauliflower on the second shelf. She put the beets and carrots on the third shelf.





Mother Mouseling put the cheese on the top shelf

Then Father Mouseling yawned and said, "Dear me, I am tired."

Mother Mouseling said, "My, but I am tired."

Mousetta Mouseling said, "Oh me, oh my, I am tired."

Frisk and Frisky had hurried to bed

while the others were talking about it. Mother Mouseling tucked them in, for it was nearly noon. You remember that these mice go to bed at sunrise so they can sleep all day.

Just then the big plates hopped up and down on the shelves. The dishes trembled.





Mother Mouseling tucked them in

There came a dreadful jolt. The cellar storehouse had fallen in. But the Mouse-ling's little house stood safe.

Best of all, they had their food safe

on their own kitchen shelves — all because Auntie Twinkletoes had told them about Farmer Brown who was doing the spring plowing.



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